

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the least.

Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts.

Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremes.

King. Well, least on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate.

King. See that he be conuey'd vnto the Tower:

And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,

To question of his apprehension,

Widow goe you along: Lords vse her honourable.

Exeunt.

Maunt Richard.

Rich. I, *Edward* will vse Women honourably:

Would he were waisted, Marrow, Bones, and all,

That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring.

To crosse me from the Golden time I looke for:

And yet, betweene my Soules desire, and me,

The lustfull *Edward*'s Title buried,

Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward*,

And all the vnlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies,

To take their Roomes, ere I can place my selfe:

A cold premeditation for my purpose.

Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie,

Like one that stands vpon a Promontorie,

And spies a farre-off shore, where hee would tread,

Wishing his foot were equall with his eye,

And chides the Sea, that sunders him from thence,

Saying, hee leade it dry, to haue his way:

So doe I with the Crowne, being so farre off,

And so I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,

And so (I say) I cut the Causes off,

Flattering me with impossibilities:

My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,

Vnto my Hand and Strength could equall them.

Well, say there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:

What other Pleasure can the World afford?

He make my Heaven in a Ladies Lappe,

And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,

And witch sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.

Oh miserable Thought! and more vnlikely,

Then to accomplish twentie Golden Crownes.

Why Loue forswore me in my Mothers Wombe:

And for I should not deale in her soft Lawes,

Shes did corrupt frayle Nature with some Bribe,

To shrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,

To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,

Where sits Deformitie to mocke my Body;

To shape my Legges of an vnequall size,

To dis-proportion me in every part:

Like to a Chaos, or an vn-hick'd Beare-whelp,

That carries no impression like the Damme.

And am I then a man to be belou'd?

Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought.

Then since this Earth affords no Ioy to me,

But to command, to check, to o're-beare such,

As are of better Person then my selfe:

He make my Heaven, to dreame vpon the Crowne,

And whiles I line, account this World but Hell,

Vntill my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,

Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.

And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,

For many Liues stand betweene me and home:

And I, like one lost in a Thorne Wood,

That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,

Seeking a way, and straying from the way,

Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,

But toying desperately to finde it out,

Torment my selfe, to catch the English Crowne:

And from that torment I will free my selfe,

Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.

Why I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,

And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,

And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,

And frame my Face to all occasions.

Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,

Ile slay more gazers then the Basiliske,

Ile play the Orator as well as *Nestor*,

Deceiue more flyly then *Vliſſes* could,

And like a *Synon*, take another Troy.

I can adde Colours to the Cameliſon,

Change shapes with *Proteus*, for aduantages,

And set the murderſous *Machauill* to Schoole.

Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?

Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. *Exit.*

Flourish.

Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona, his

Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward,

Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.

Lewis sits, and riseth vp againe.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,

Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,

And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while *Lewis* doth sit.

Marg. No, mightie King of France: now *Margaret*

Must strike her sayle, and learne a while to serue,

Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)

Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:

But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,

And with dishonor layd me on the ground,

Where I must take like Seat vnto my fortune,

And to my humble Seat conforme my selfe.

Lewis. Why say, faire Queene, whence springs this

deepe despaire?

Marg. From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with teares,

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

Lewis. What ere it be, be thou still like thy selfe,

And sit thee by our side. *Sits her by him.*

Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoske,

But let thy dauntlesse minde still ride in triumph,

Ouer all mischance.

Be plaine, Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy griefe,

It shall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.

Marg. Those gracious words

Reuiue my drooping thoughts,

And giue my tongue-ty'd sorrowes leaue to speake.

Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,

That *Henry*, sole possessor of my Loue,

Is, of a King, become a banisht man,

And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlome;

While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of *York*,

Vsurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat

Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.

This is the cause that I, poore *Margaret*,

With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,

Am come to craue thy iust and lawfull ayde:

And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done.

Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Out.

Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,

Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiours put to flight,

And (as thou seest) our felues in heauie plight.

Lewis. Renowned Queene,

With patience calme the Storme,

While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.

Marg. The more wee stay, the stronger growes our

Foe.

Lewis. The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee.

Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.

And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our pre-

ſence?

Marg. Our Earle of Warwicke, *Edward*'s greatest

Friend.

Lewis. Welcome braue Warwicke, what brings thee

to France? *Hee descends. Shee ariseth.*

Marg. I now begin a second Storme to rise,

For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.

Warw. From worthy *Edward*, King of Albion,

My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend,

I come (in Kindnesse, and vnſayned Loue)

First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,

And then to craue a League of Amitie:

And lastly, to confirme that Amitie

With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt

That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy faire Sister,

To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

Marg. If that goe forward, *Henries* hope is done.

Warw. And gracious Madame, *Speaking to Bona.*

In our Kings behalfe,

I am commanded, with your leave and fauor,

Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue

To tell the passion of my Soueraignes Heart;

Where Fame, late entering at his heedfull Eares,

Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

Marg. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,

Before you answer Warwicke. His demand

Springs not from *Edward*'s well-meant honest Loue,

But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie:

For how can Tyrants safely gouerne home,

Vnto abroad they purchase great allyance?

To proue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,

That *Henry* liueth still: but were hee dead,

Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henries* Sonne.

Looke therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Mariage

Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:

For though Vsurpers sway the rule a while,

Yet Heaues are iust, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.

Warw. Inuiſious *Margaret.*

Edw. And why not Queene?

Warw. Because thy Father *Henry* did vsurpe,

And thou no more art Prince, then shee is Queene.

Oxf. Then Warwicke disanulls great *John* of Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;

And after *John* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,

Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest:

And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the Fifth,

Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:

From these, our *Henry* lineally descends.

Warw. *Oxford*, how haps it in this smooth discourse,

You told not, how *Henry* the Sixth hath lost

All that, which *Henry* the Fifth had gotten:

Me thinks these Peeres of France should smile at that.

But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree

Of threescore and two yeeres, a silly time

To make prescription for a Kingdome worth.

Oxf. Why Warwicke, canst thou speak against thy Liege,

Whom thou obey'd'st thirtie and six yeeres,

And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?

Warw. Can *Oxford*, that did euer fence the right,

Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?

For shame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose iniurious doome

My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*

Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,

Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,

When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?

No Warwicke, no: while Life vpholds this Arme,

This Arme vpholds the House of Lancaster.

Warw. And I the House of *York*.

Lewis. Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*,

Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,

While I vse further conference with Warwicke.

They stand aloofe.

Marg. Heaues graunt, that Warwicke's wordes be-

witch him not.

Lew. Now Warwicke, tell me euen vpon thy conscience

Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth

To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.

Warw. Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Ho-

nor.

Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?

Warw. The more, that *Henry* was vnfortunate.

Lewis. Then further: all dissembling set aside,

Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue

Vnto our Sister *Bona*.

Warw. Such it seemes,

As may beſeeme a Monarch like himſelfe.

My selfe haue often heard him say, and sweare,

That this his Loue was an externall Plant,

Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,

The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,

Exempt from Enuy, but not from Disdaine,

Vnto the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.

Lewis. Now Sister, let vs heare your firme resolute.

Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine.

Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, *Speaks to Warw.*

When I haue heard your Kings desert recounted,

Mine eare hath tempted iudgement to desire.

Lewis. Then Warwicke, thus:

Our Sister shall be *Edward*,

And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,

Touching the Ioynture that your King must make,

Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poynd:

Draw neere, Queene *Margaret*, and be a witnesse,